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LA  
SERIES

Price 25¢

# THE IRON HAND

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T.S. DENISON  
163 RANDOLPH ST.

CHICAGO

# DENISON'S ACTING PLAYS.

Price 15 Cents Each, Postpaid, Unless Different Price is Given.

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Ten Nights in a Barroom, temperance, 5 acts, 2 hrs.....	7	4	
Ticket of Leave Man, 4 acts, 2 hrs. 45 min. ....	8	3	
Tony, the Convict, 5 acts, 2 hrs. 30 min..... (25c)	7	4	
Toodles, 2 acts, 1 hr. 15 min..	6	2	
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FARCES AND SKETCHES.			
Assessor, sketch, 10 min.....	3	2	
Babes in Wood, burlesque, 25 min. ....	4	3	
Bad Job, 30 min.....	3	2	
Bardell vs. Pickwick, 25 min..	6	2	
Beautiful Forever, 30 min....	2	2	
Blind Margaret, musical, 30 m.	3	3	
Borrowing Trouble, 25 min....	3	5	
Breezy Call, 25 min. ....	2	1	
Bumble's Courtship, sketch, 18 min.....	1	1	
Cabman No. 93, 40 min. ....	2	2	
Christmas Ship, musical, 20 m.	4	3	
Circumlocution Office, 20 min.	6	0	
Country Justice, 15 min.....	8	0	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 min.....	3	2	
Cut off with a Shilling, 25 min.	2	1	
Deception, 30 min.....	3	2	
Desperate Situation, 25 min...	2	3	
Dutchman in Ireland, 20 min.	3	0	
Fair Encounter, sketch, 20 m.	0	2	
Family Strike, 20 min.....	3	3	
Free-Knowledge-ist, 2 acts, 25 min....	3	3	
Friendly Move, sketch, 20 m..	4	0	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.....	4	3	
Hard Cider, temperance, 15 m.	4	2	
Homœopathy, Irish, 30 min....	5	3	
Ici on Parle Francais, 40 m...	4	3	
I'll Stay Awhile, 20 min.....	4	0	
I'm not Meself at All, Irish, 25 min. ....	3	2	
Initiating a Granger, 25 min...	8	0	
In the Dark, 25 min.....	4	2	

T. S. DENISON, Publisher, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

# THE IRON HAND

A DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS

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BY CHARLES TOWNSEND

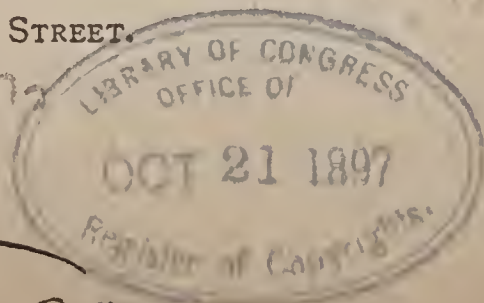
Author of: Down in Dixie, On Guard, Deception, Early Vows, A Wonderful Letter, Breezy Call, Tony the Convict, Uncle Josh, The Iron Hand, Wanted: A Hero, Negro Minstrels, Private Theatricals, Etc.

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## THE IRON HAND

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### CAST OF CHARACTERS.

OLIVER MONTFORD, who knows neither fear nor pity.

HARMON VAN DORN, a wealthy young artist.

JACK MINTON (afterward known as Percy Plantaganet),  
Montford's ward.

OLD IKEY, "der most honestest man!"

HAWKINS, a servant. (*Two or three men.*)

BELLA, Jack's sister, afterward, Mrs. Van Dorn.

LIZZIE, Jack's wife, a popular actress.

MRS. DIBBLE, positively a positive widow.

HANNAH, a servant.

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### BILL OF THE PLAY.

ACT I.—At Montford's. THE ACCUSATION. "Stop her! She stole the money!"

ACT II.—At Van Dorn's. THE DEPARTURE. "Go, and never let me see your face again!"

ACT III.—Old Ikey's den. THE DUEL. "I'll fasten this murder on your guilty soul!"

ACT IV.—At Van Dorn's. REUNITED. "Free forever from the power of his iron hand!"

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### COSTUMES.

MONTFORD, Act I., handsome sack suit. Acts II. and III., evening dress (overcoat and silk hat for third act). Act IV., street dress.

HARMON, Act II., smoking jacket—changing to evening dress. Act IV., sack suit.

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(2)

JACK, Act I., stylish dark suit, overcoat, hat, gloves. Acts II. and III., very loud dress, such as variety stage actors affect; must be in bad taste throughout. Coat, tie and collar off in third act. Act IV., same as second act; head bound up.

IKEY, Act I., flashy dress throughout. Trousers with broad checks or stripes. Very loud four-in-hand tie in which is fastened a big cluster of brilliants. Big overcoat, fur cap. Acts II., III. and IV., summer suit, very loud and vulgar.

HAWKINS, plain, dark suit.

BELLA, Act I., plain but neat house dress. Act II., very handsome house dress. Acts III. and IV., same, with wrap, as noted in text.

LIZZIE, Act II., rather flashy street dress of light material. Act IV., another of the same sort.

MRS. DIBBLE, Act I., traveling dress with wrap. Acts II. and IV., street dresses; slightly eccentric throughout.

HANNAH, neat house dress.

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## PROPERTIES.

(See also "Scene Plot.")

ACT I.—Cigars and matches. Newspapers and books on table. Call bell on table. Pocketbook and bills for Mrs. Dibble.

ACT II.—Easel with canvas, brush, etc., for painting. Handsome table lamp to light; matches. Card and pencil for Ikey. A dozen or more photographs on table—one larger than the others (supposed to be Bella's). Photograph for Montford. Letter in envelope. Roll of bills in desk. Several pictures on the walls.

ACT III.—Lighted candles on table. Cot. Old, shabby desk. Bottle of liquor, glasses and pack of playing cards. Cigar for Ikey. Box of cigars in desk. Matches. Cham-  
ois bag with coins for Montford. Dagger. Two pistols—one loaded with blank cartridge, sure fire. Bell to strike the hour.

ACT IV.—Pistol for Ikey.

## SCENE PLOT.

ACT I.—Comfortably furnished sitting-room in fourth groove with interior backing in fifth groove. Doorways draped with dark portiere curtains *C.*, *L.* *U.* *E.*, *R.* 2. In this set avoid all lightness. Use a dark flat, dark wings, and have all the furniture, drapery, etc., very dark. Table and chairs *L.* front. Table littered with newspapers and books. Carpet down. Sofa up *L.* *C.* Easy chair *R.* front.

ACT II.—An artist's studio. Box set if possible. Everything light and bright, in strong contrast to previous act. Set in third grooves, with interior backing in fourth grooves. Doors *C.*, *L.* *U.* *E.* and *R.* 1 *E.* Easel with canvas, *R.* *C.* Desk, *R.* front. Chairs, *R.* and *L.* Sofa up *R.* Table with lamp, *L.* Carpet and rugs. Make this set attractive as possible.

ACT III.—A rough, dark room in fourth grooves. Doors *R.* *C.* in flat and *L.* 1 *E.* Window *L.* *C.* in flat, nailed up with boards. Rough pine table and stools, *R.* front. Cot up *L.*, under window. Lights half down. Candles burning on table, with glass bottles for candlesticks. Shabby desk containing box with cigars, *L.* 2.

ACT IV.—Parlor in fourth grooves, with interior backing in fifth grooves. Curtained doorways *C.*, *R.* 1 *E.* and *L.* *U.* *E.* Table and chairs, *R.* Sofa, *L.* Carpet and rugs. Piano up *R.*

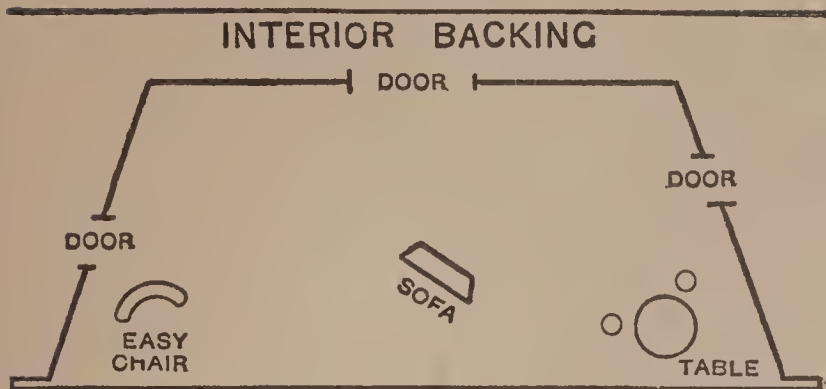
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 STAGE DIRECTIONS.

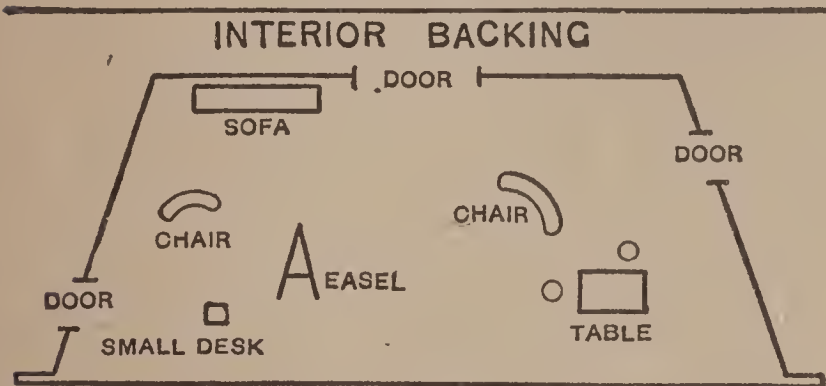
*R.*, means right of the stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat or back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

STAGE SETTINGS.

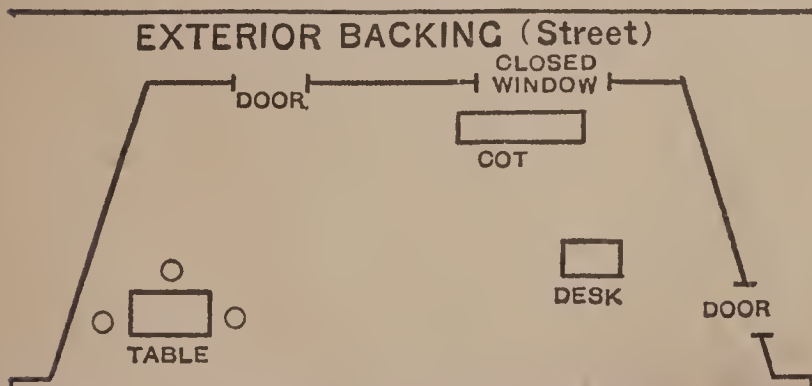
Act I.



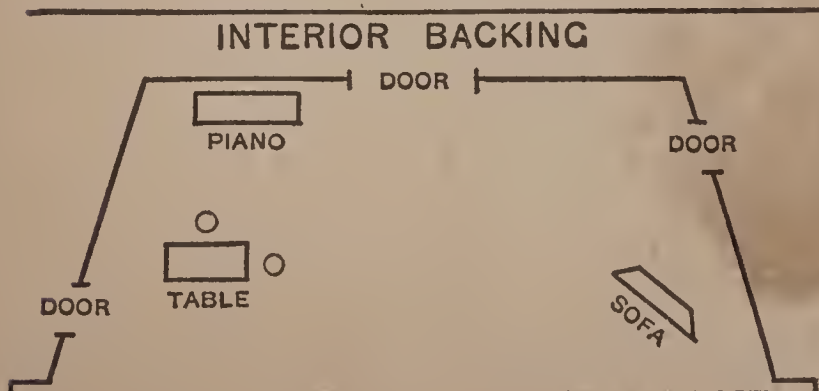
Act II.



Act III



Act IV.



## REMARKS ON THE PLAY.

“The Iron Hand” belongs to a class of plays that are greatly in demand at present; plays that are clean, elevating, and yet exciting; full of quick, snappy action, thrilling situations, and containing much bright comedy withal. In writing “The Iron Hand,” Mr. Townsend has given us an easy, natural play which may be performed on any stage and by any company of average ability. The story of the play is simple, plain, easily understood, and yet wonderfully interesting, for it rivets the attention of the audience from the rise of the first curtain until its final fall. The action goes forward with a torrent-like rush—for Mr. Townsend’s plays never drag—and the denouement is unforeseen until, with a few graphic touches, it is cleverly brought about in the last act.

The characters are excellent throughout, and deserve the closest study. The following suggestions are from the author’s prompt book, and will be of interest to those appearing in the play for the first time.

MONTFORD: Age, thirty-five; makeup, dark, with black, curly hair and mustache. Voice low, but very distinct. Must be polished and refined in manner, but very quick and decisive in action. The character is that of a cold, hard, fearless man, who knows neither remorse nor pity. Dress the character in the best of taste. Be very careful to avoid over-acting. Bear in mind that Montford is apparently a gentleman, and that his real nature is understood only by those who know him intimately.

VAN DORN is about twenty-five or thirty years of age, and should make up rather light. He is a thorough gentleman in every respect and his acting must be free from restraint. Intense force is demanded as the second act nears an end. The climax must be worked up with a great deal of vim.

JACK: In the first act, is a young fellow of twenty. He is thoughtless, reckless, but brave and good-hearted. His gaiety in the second act is assumed, remember, and this fact must be made evident by his lapses into seriousness. Makeup is immaterial.

IKEY: Age, about fifty. A “sporty” old Jew, with all

the greed, cunning, cowardice and impudence characteristic of his class. He both fears and hates Montford and is delighted at his downfall. "Ikey" must be played wholly on comedy lines.

HAWKINS is a middle-aged servant with no marked characteristics, and the men who appear at the opening of act third are simply "hard characters," rough and unsavory.

BELLA is an "emotional lead"—a role that admits of strong acting, and, indeed, the requirements of the role demand it. She is lively, pathetic, intense—ever varying with her changing moods. To over-act a part like this is to spoil it, and yet tameness must be carefully avoided. Her age in the first act is about nineteen.

LIZZIE is a decided soubrette, bright, saucy and full of life. One must never pose nor attudinize in playing this part. Her age is about the same as Bella's.

MRS. DIBBLE: Age, forty-five; a loud-voiced, domineering, pugnacious lady, who means business every moment of the time. As this is a comedy part it may be played with considerable freedom from restraint.

HANNAH, like Hawkins, is a servant's role, with no special characteristics.

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NOTE.—Amateurs may present this play very effectively with simpler settings than those given in the scene plot.

# THE IRON HAND.

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## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Sitting-room in fourth grooves. Doors, C., L. U. E. and R. 2.*

ENTER JACK and HAWKINS, C.

JACK. Is your master at home?

HAWKINS. Yes, sir.

JACK. Is he up?

HAWK. Yes, sir, but he seldom receives visitors in the morning.

JACK. Tell him I'm here; I've come to see him, and I intend to see him.

HAWK. Very well, sir. (*Goes up and meets IKEY at C.*)

IK. Vell?

HAWK. Well?

IK. Vot you vant to know, eh?

HAWK. I want to know what you want.

IK. Yesh. Tell Mr. Montford dot "Old Ikey" vos here, uf you please.

HAWK. Humph! All right. (*Aside.*) Escaped from Baxter street! (*Exit, C. D.*)

IK. An, mine young frient, I vos ve-ry glat to see you looking so vell.

JACK. Are you, indeed? (*Sits at table, L.*)

IK. Yesh. You looks better as you ever did.

JACK. How do you know? You never saw me before.

IK. Um—yesh, dat's so! (*Pause.*) Vell, it's a fine day, eh?

JACK. Yes, if you like plenty of rain, snow, slush and the devil to pay.

IK. Der devil don't pay. He takes ever'ting on trust.

JACK. Yourself, for instance.

IK. Now, my dear boy, I protest. Vot has soured der sweetness uf your temper?

JACK. The usual thing—money.

IK. Money?

JACK. Yes, money—or rather the lack of it.

IK. Um—now maybe I could hellup you uf der security—

JACK. Thank you, old hundred per cent., but I am not borrowing at present.

IK. Den vot are you howling about?

JACK. Because I cannot get hold of my own property.

IK. Vy not? (*Sits R.*)

JACK. Because my good, kind guardian prefers to keep it in his own clutches.

IK. Who vos your goot, kind guardian?

JACK. Mr. Montford, who owns you body and soul, I dare say.

IK. Oh, no he doesn't.

JACK. No? Then I'll leave out the soul.

IK. Vat a sarcastical young man. Mine young frient, you should not be so bitter. Mr. Montford is a very able business man, und his heart—

JACK. His heart? He has none. It was petrified at birth.

IK. But, my dear boy, consider vat a fine man he is. See how people look up to him.

JACK. Because they fear him. He is a devil in human form, I tell you, who knows neither fear, remorse nor pity.

IK. (*Aside.*) Dat's true as preaching. (*Aloud.*) But see vot a style dere vos about him—der clothes he vears. My boy, Oliver Montford vos—vos a fashion plate.

JACK. It's a pity you don't copy him.

IK. Me? Vat's de matter mit my clothes? Sh! Stand aside! Let der light shine on der diamonds!

JACK. (*Up C.*) You better cover them up. Here comes your master.

IK. (*R. front.*) Oh-h! I feels shivery all ofer ven he comes. (*Music.*)

ENTER MONTFORD, C.

MONT. Good morning, gentlemen. Jack, my boy, I'm glad to see you. What brings you from New York so early?

JACK. (*L.*) I came to see you, sir, on important business.

MONT. Indeed?

IK. Yesh, and so did I. It vos about (*watches MONTFORD'S eye and shrinks*)—I begs your pardon—I—I vos only going to say—

MONT. That will do.

IK. T'ank you, sir.

MONT. Leave the room!

IK. But I vant to tole you—

MONT. I said leave the room! If I want you I'll ring!

IK. T'ank you, sir. (*Aside.*) Ven he talks in dot quiet vay I feels crawly all ofer. (*Exit, R.*)

MONT. Now, Jack, I am entirely at your service.

JACK. (*Coming down.*) Well, sir I have called—

MONT. I beg pardon, but pray sit down.

JACK. (*Seated L.*) Very well. As I said, I have called to demand from you—

MONT. One moment, pray. This is something unique. I am not accustomed to receiving commands. Have a cigar? No? Well, smoking *is* a bad habit, I admit, but (*lights cigar*) I am not exactly a saint. Let me see—where were you? Oh, yes; you were about to demand something, were you not?

JACK. Yes, sir; I was about to ask—

MONT. Ah! This is quite interesting. First a demand, then a request. Please go on.

JACK. In plain English, I want money!

MONT. How very remarkable.

JACK. Why remarkable?

MONT. The idea of a young man in your circumstances wanting money. You have no wife, no children, so cannot be troubled with bills. You are not a politician nor an editor, therefore you need no money.

JACK. But I *do* need it, and I propose to have it.

MONT. Really? Well, if you are determined—

JACK. I am, sir.

MONT. Then— (*Smokes.*)

JACK. Well?

MONT. Go to work and earn it.

JACK. (*Rising.*) Earn it—*earn* it? When I have a fortune of my own? You must be joking.

MONT. Sit down. (*JACK sits.*) I never joke; it is very bad form. As for your fortune, that is in my charge until you become of age, and my duty is to guard it as I do my own.

JACK. Then you will give me nothing?

MONT. Only your regular allowance when due. That is all you wish to say, I believe. We have luncheon at twelve, as usual. (*Takes paper and reads.*)

JACK. I tell you I need money, and I'm going to have it in some way.

MONT. (*Without looking up.*) Good morning!

JACK. (*Goes L. Pauses.*) Good morning! (*Exits L. U. E.*)

MONT. The young fool is getting troublesome (*rings call bell on table*), and I must find a way to silence him. (*Rings.*) The sooner it is done the better it will be. (*Rings.*) Curse that sheeney!

ENTER IKEY, R. 2.

MONT. You should come promptly when I ring. Do you understand?

IK. Yesh, I understand. (*Aside.*) In vot a fine vay he orders me around. Oh, it's magnificent—utterly magnificent!

MONT. Ikey, come here! How long have you been working for me?

IK. Let me see—um—vy, ebber since you shot der Spaniard in New Orleans.

MONT. (*Choking him.*) You infernal idiot! That's a dead secret.

IK. (*Gasping.*) I—er—great Abraham! Und I'd been a dead son uf a gun in about a minute.

MONT. There are some things never to be thought of, much less spoken.

IK. Yesh. Und I thought I had spoke my last spoke.

(*Aside.*) Vot a grip he's got. It's magnificent—utterly magnificent!

MONT. Then keep a close tongue hereafter. Now to business. You noticed the young fellow who was here when I came in?

IK. Yesh.

MONT. He is in my way!

IK. How?

MONT. He is my ward, and a rather troublesome one. In a few months he will be of age, and will expect me to hand over his property.

IK. Vot a nerve he vos got!

MONT. He must be put out of the way.

IK. I see. (*Points.*) Up yonder?

MONT. (*Amused.*) You blood-thirsty rascal!

IK. So hellup me gracious, I protest. I wouldn't harm a hair of his head.

MONT. You need not. You've only to work a scheme that will keep him out of sight.

IK. Vos it a moral scheme?

MONT. Moral? You precious old sinner!

IK. Me? Und I vos der most moralest man as effer vos, so hellup me!

MONT. So I have noticed. I shall draw on some of your surplus morality, my friend (*they go R.*), or it may smother you. (*IKEY exits R.*) That fellow knows too much for his own good. But he is a very useful dog, and I'll see that he never has a chance to bite. (*Exit R.*)

ENTER MRS. DIBBLE *and* BELLA, C.

BELLA. I am glad to welcome you here, Mrs. Dibble.

MRS. D. (*Removing wraps.*) Thank you! And it's very kind of you to say it, I'm sure. I don't see how people can live in the country. I'm sure I pity them from the very bottom of my heart. Snow, slush and rain all the blessed time. One cannot step out of the house without being drowned or frozen to death, and I'm sure the doctors ought to coin fortunes in a region where the insufferable climate helps them kill off people as I am positive it must do here. (*Seated, L.*)

BEL. (*Seated, R.*) But surely, Mrs. Dibble, the country is not responsible for the weather.

MRS. D. Oh, yes it is! There is so much more room for the weather to be ugly and disagreeable here than in town. I can't imagine what they want such great long stretches of land without any houses on them for. And how in the wide world people manage to live without balls, parties, kettledrums, afternoon teas and the latest society news I can't imagine. Why, my dear, I might as well be buried outright in the wilds of Timbuctoo, so far as hearing anything about what people are saying.

BEL. We have plenty of gossip, if that is what you want.

MRS. D. Well, I'm sure I can't imagine what they find to gossip over. I am sure that the long-haired Jehu who drove me down from the station talked of nothing but "craps" and "hosses" and Southdown cows. Oh, dear! I know if I live here long I shall die very soon. Ah, Miss Bella, it's a dreadful thing for a woman like me, who has seen better days, to be brought down to this—earning my bread by the brow of my face—I mean by the bread of my brow. A housekeeper in the country! To think that I should ever come to this. Oh, if my daughter Lizzie had only remembered the teachings of her youth!

BEL. You have a daughter, then?

MRS. D. Yes, I have—the cold-blooded, heartless, heathen, undutiful child that she is!

BEL. What has she done?

MRS. D. Done? Gone off to be a serious-comical singer on the stage—that's what! An actress! Just think of that! And worse than all, she's gone and married a man in secret—in secret, mind you—she who was born in the face and eyes of the whole world. (*Goes up.*) Then she had the impudence to tell me that her dearest darling husband did not care to have me live with him—the monster! When I am sure there is no more quiet, easy tempered person on earth than myself. If I was like some mothers-in-law, whose tongues are going all the time, clatter, clatter, clatter, night and day, there might be some reason for it. But when you consider that I never say a single word unless I'm driven into it, it just makes my blood boil.

BEL. Whom did she marry?

MRS. D. That I don't know—some worthless good-for-nothing, I'll be bound. She did not give his name, and the sassy doorkeeper at the theater wouldn't tell me. But I'll find him some day, and when I do—oh-h! I've saved up a thousand dollars (*takes out pocketbook*), and I've got it right here—catch me trusting any bank—and I'd gladly give it all for five minutes' talk with that young man. (*Leaves pocketbook on table.*)

BEL. You may become reconciled.

MRS. D. We may; but not before I've given him a very large piece of my mind.

ENTER HAWKINS, C.

HAWK. Mr. Montford wishes me to say that your apartments are ready, madam.

MRS. D. Thank you! (*Exit HAWKINS, C.*) If you'll excuse me, dear, I'll go to my room, as I wish to get a little repose. It's a great responsibility to have charge of such a house and I wonder if the servants (*exit C., still speaking*) have brought in my baggage (*voice lower*), the stupid, tiresome things. (*Lower.*) I'm just worried to death.

BEL. (*Crosses.*) What can Jack be doing here? I am afraid he is in trouble or he would not have come. (*Sits L.*) Why (*sees pocketbook*), she has left her money. I'll call her back. (*Goes up.*)

ENTER MONTFORD, C.

MONT. Good morning, Bella!

BEL. Good morning, sir! (*Returns, sits L.*)

MONT. Sir? Bella, I wish you would not address me in that formal way. (*Sits beside her.*)

BEL. Why, Mr. Montford, I meant nothing.

MONT. True, but it sounds very distant, coming from you.

BEL. From me?

MONT. Only from you. With others I desire nothing more cordial. But you, Bella, you whom I love—

BEL. I?

MONT. If you please.

BEL. But I don't understand.

MONT. Then I will be explicit. I am not romantic,

Bella. I do not come to you with honeyed words, for such words mean nothing. I do not tear a passion to tatters nor swear impossible things to win your love. But I tell you truly that I love you, and that my greatest happiness will be to call you mine.

BEL. I—I—oh, Mr. Montford, why have you said this to me? (*Rises, goes R.*)

MONT. Please resume your seat. Come! (*She sits.*) That is right. A mere proposal of marriage should not cause such excitement. Now once more—

BEL. Please, Mr. Montford, do not ask me again.

MONT. And why not? Am I old, ugly, ignorant or poor? Certainly not. Then what possible objection can you have to becoming my wife?

BEL. The greatest in life, sir.

MONT. You interest me. May I venture to inquire what it is?

BEL. (*Rises.*) You may. A true woman's love is beyond all price, and in such love a man like you can never share. (*Crosses, R.*)

MONT. Is your answer final?

BEL. Yes. Can you speak of love in your calm, even, polished tones without a tremor in your voice or a quickened heart throb? Love? You have no conception of the word; and if you were a thousand times richer than you are, I would never, *never*, NEVER marry you. (*Exit, R.*)

MONT. (*Calmly lights cigar.*) I have an impression (*puff*)—I have an impression that she refused me. She did it quite well, too. When that girl *does* fall in love with a fellow I expect she will be very much in earnest. I suppose I deserve to be jilted for lying to the girl, by saying that I loved her. I sometimes think it *is* wrong to lie—especially when people won't believe you. Love! A fool's affliction! Confound her, anyhow! As my wife, I would have no trouble over her property, but as it is—she must be got rid of, somehow, along with her jackanapes brother. I am sorry for you, Bella, my dear, but business is business. (*Up C.*) If I cannot have the property *with* you why (*shrugs shoulders*), I must have it without. (*Exits, C.*)

ENTER JACK, *L.*

JACK. What a confounded mess I am in. A wife on my hands and no money. Devil take it all! What am I to do? (*MONTFORD appears, listening, C.*) I must have money or there'll be war in the camp. But how?—there's the rub. (*Sees pocketbook on table.*) By all that's lucky! My guardian has forgotten his pocketbook! And it's full, too! (*Counts.*) One hundred, two hundred, five, ten—a thousand dollars! Much obliged to you, Mr. Montford—I'll just borrow this. (*Starts up L.*)

ENTER BELLA, *quickly, R. 2.*

BEL. Jack!

JACK. (*Startled.*) Eh? Oh, it's you!

BEL. How startled you look. What is the matter?

JACK. Matter? Oh—nothing at all, Sis! (*Down C.*)

BEL. Yes, there is, Jack. Have you quarreled with Mr. Montford?

JACK. Oh, dear, no!

BEL. Did you come for money?

JACK. Of course.

BEL. And you got it?

JACK. Why—yes—oh, yes, I got some money.

BEL. How strangely you act. What have you been doing?

JACK. Don't question me like a lawyer. I'll not answer. Good-by. (*Starts up.*)

BEL. Don't go, Jack, please don't. I want to talk to you.

JACK. Haven't time now, Sis. I must catch the next train for the city. So good-by.

BEL. (*At table.*) Jack!

JACK. Well, what is it?

BEL. (*Quietly.*) Where is the money that was here?

JACK. The what?

BEL. The money.

JACK. The money?

BEL. Yes, the money. Have you taken it?

JACK. And what if I have? Do you think I want to live like a beggar when I have wealth of my own in that devil's clutches? I like to be merry, full of fun, enjoy life, and hang me if I don't do it. Besides, I'm married.

BEL. Married?

JACK. Yes; but keep mum. My wife is pretty as a picture, but she's got an awfully bad temper. When I'm in funds we're happy, and I propose to remain so. Understand me—I'm no thief. This money is only a forced loan, and I'll return it to my guardian when the estate is settled. So give me your word to say nothing of this to anyone.

BEL. I cannot.

JACK. You must!

BEL. But, Jack, the money isn't—

JACK. Someone is coming. Promise, quick, or you'll never see me again.

BEL. What do you mean?

JACK. I mean I'll clear out and go to the bad as fast as I can. Come, now, do you promise?

BEL. Yes. (MONTFORD *disappears*.)

JACK. That's a dear. I'll bring you something pretty next time. (*Exit, R.*)

BEL. (*Sinks into chair.*) Oh, what a promise I have made!

ENTER MRS. D., *C. D.*

MRS. D. My dear Bella, I am so glad you are here, for I just remembered that I left my pocketbook with every dollar I had in the world on the table and I (*searches over table*)—why where in the world—you saw it, didn't you?

BEL. Yes—I—saw it.

MRS. D. And now it's gone, it's gone! Good Lord, I'm ruined forever! (*Drops into chair.*)

ENTER MONTFORD *and* IKEY, *C. D.*

BEL. (*Aside.*) What shall I do—what shall I say?

MONT. (*To IKEY.*) Accuse the girl.

IK. Vot, me?

MONT. At once!

IK. Oh, man—dot's a tam shame!

MONT. Do as I bid you!

MRS. D. Was you here all the time?

BEL. No!

MRS. D. Then some thief slipped in and stole it. Alarm the house! (BELLA *starts up C.*)

IK. Stop! Send for an officer! Dot girl stole der money!

QUICK CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*An artist's studio in third grooves, with interior backing in fourth grooves. Doors C., L. U. E. and R. 1 E. Discover VAN DORN seated at easel, R. C., painting; BELLA seated L. C., facing audience.*

BEL. How does it look now, Harmon?

HARMON. Better—much better.

BEL. I'm glad of that.

HAR. And yet (*critically*), I think the nose looks a trifle rocky.

BEL. Rocky! My nose? Oh, for shame!

HAR. Steady! Don't lose your pose. Your little nose is all right—confound it!

BEL. Harmon!

HAR. My brush slipped. It's no use; that nose is a failure. It's a libel. Take that, will you? (*Daubs picture.*)

BEL. That's the third canvas you've spoiled; and oh, Harmon, you hit me right in the eye! You're a spoiled boy.

HAR. Preserved, you mean. Why, bless your heart, I'm a hundred per cent. better than I was when we met on that lucky day in Switzerland. (*They sit.*) But tell me, are you perfectly happy in your new home?

BEL. Happy? Indeed, yes; far more than I ever hoped to be.

HAR. And there is no cloud in the sky—no past grief nor future dread?

BEL. Why do you ask?

HAR. Because, at times, even in your lightest moments, I have seen a shadow as of some impending evil steal across your face, your eyes looked troubled, and you seemed to dwell in the horror of some dread, unhappy past. There is a shadow on your life. Cannot I help lift it?

BEL. No, no, Harmon, no! Do not speak of it—do not think of it—for I cannot recall it without a feeling of dreadful terror. (*Crosses, agitated.*)

HAR. Bella!

BEL. (*Goes to him.*) Harmon, never, never speak of it again.

HAR. There, there, my darling, I had no idea of alarm-

ing you. Why, Bella, your hands are like ice. Forgive me, dear, I did not mean to startle you like this.

BEL. Thank you, Harmon! Before we were married I told you my past was dead; that if I became your wife we must live only in the present. I had done no wrong, was guilty of no crime. You believe and trust me?

HAR. With all my heart. And this is why you wish to live secluded, to receive only certain of my friends?

BEL. Yes. I may explain everything some day, and then you will know that I am worthy of your trust. (*Lights quarter down.*)

HAR. I believe you, Bella. Speaking of old friends, I met one this morning whom I haven't seen for two years. He is coming here this afternoon to give me an order for a picture.

BEL. That's nice. Who is he?

HAR. A very wealthy fellow. His name is Oliver Montford.

BEL. (*Rising, in fear.*) What!

HAR. Do you know him?

BEL. I—oh, why did you mention his name?

HAR. Has he anything to do with your past?

BEL. Don't ask me—you promised you would not.

HAR. And I'll keep my word. But if he has dared cause you any trouble—

BEL. No, no—it's nothing. Only his—his name recalled a story of a friend whom he caused much unhappiness. Don't trust him, Harmon—don't call him your friend, for he is unworthy of the name.

HAR. (*Rising.*) I always supposed Montford was a gentleman; but if you wish me to cut his acquaintance—

BEL. (*Eagerly.*) Yes, yes! (*Lights half down.*)

HAR. So be it. (*Looks at watch.*) By jove, it's nearly six. I thought it was getting late. Here's \$1,500 (*takes bill-book from pocket*) which I intended banking to-day. Never mind, though, I'll leave it in my desk until to-morrow.

BEL. (*Lights lamp. Lights all on.*) Will it be safe here?

HAR. Why, of course. Run along, now, and dress for dinner. I expect a call at this hour from a bright theatrical star.

BEL. A tragedian?

HAR. Something of the kind. He sings comic songs at the variety theaters.

BEL. Oh! (*Up L.*) Will he sing here?

HAR. Not for his life.

BEL. All right! (*Exits, laughing, L. U. E.*)

ENTER JACK, *C. D.*

JACK. Hello!

HAR. Well, sir?

JACK. Percy Plantaganet, of the vaudevilles. You got my note?

HAR. I did.

JACK. Want a picture of my wife—known as Mdlle Marvello on the stage. She's a kicker.

HAR. And in private?

JACK. Oh, she kicks there, too—toes or tongue—all the same to her. She's coming; be here directly. That reminds me—smooth her down.

HAR. Smooth her down?

JACK. Smooth her down—*ergo*—don't ruffle her up. Let her have her own way. It's safest. I know. I've been there. (*Sits.*)

HAR. Does she wish to pose?

JACK. Don't know—expect so—can't say. If she wants to pose, let her pose. Let her stand on her head or her heels, just as she pleases.

HAR. I can do nothing to-night; but you can make an appointment for a daylight sitting.

JACK. Then you tell her.

HAR. Certainly. Make yourself comfortable. (*Down R.*) I'll return directly. (*Exit, R. 1 E.*)

JACK. Sure! Wonder if he takes me for a guy? I must look dizzy enough in this get-up. Ah, Jack, my boy, Dame Fortune has played you a shabby trick. It was an unlucky day when I took that pocketbook, supposing it was my guardian's, only to learn from old Ikey that it belonged to some unknown woman who would jail me at sight. Well, nobody could ever guess that Jack Minton and Percy Plantaganet are one and the same.

LIZZIE. (*Off C.*) Percy! Percy!

JACK. (*Crosses.*) The devil—I mean my wife.

LIZ. (*Off C.*) Percival Plantaganet! Percy!

JACK. She means trouble. (*Goes up and opens C. D.*)  
Here I am!

ENTER LIZZIE, *quickly, C. D.*

LIZ. Percival Plantaganet, where on earth have you been? Where did you go? What are you doing here?

JACK. I have been here. I came here. I am waiting here.

LIZ. What for?

JACK. For the artist who is to delineate your lovely countenance.

LIZ. Oh, stuff! I wonder whether I should be drawn showing repose or action.

JACK. Try repose, by all means; it will be such a novelty.

LIZ. Well, I won't do it!

JACK. All right! (*Aside.*) Nothing lost. He isn't going to paint her tongue.

LIZ. Oh, I nearly forgot! I saw mamma to-day.

JACK. (*Frightened.*) Good heavens! Where?

LIZ. On Broadway. I gave her our address and—

JACK. (*Yells.*) What!

LIZ. Eh?

JACK. Lizzie, you've sealed my doom. Good-by.

LIZ. Where are you going?

JACK. Where? Anywhere—everywhere! To the frozen north, the torrid south, the wilds of Brooklyn or New Jersey—anywhere to escape from your vindictive and desperate mamma, who has sworn vengeance because I ran away with her child.

LIZ. (*Detaining him.*) Don't go and leave me, Percy. I'll die if you do—I know I will!

JACK. My positive purpose is shaken.

LIZ. I'll make it all right with mamma.

JACK. You will?

LIZ. I will! And she shan't live with us, either.

JACK. My positive purpose is smashed. It's a go. I'll stay, mother or no mother.

LIZ. Percy, you're a brick. (*Embraces him.*)

JACK. And hard pressed at that.

ENTER MRS. DIBBLE, *C. D.*

MRS. D. What do I see? A man in my daughter's arms!

LIZ. Mamma! (*Runs R., followed by JACK.*)

JACK. Don't be afraid, Lizzie!

MRS. D. (*Aside.*) It's the husband! Young man, are you Percy Plantaganet?

JACK. Yes, mum—I guess so! (*Aside.*) Oh, lord! She's got it in for me!

MRS. D. Young man, I wonder that you don't sink down with shame—that the earth doesn't open and swallow you!

JACK. (*Aside.*) I wish it would!

MRS. D. To think of you daring to marry my darling daughter on the sly and letting her become one of those dreadful actresses, or something with pictures of herself in short skirts in the store windows, and going out to supper with all sorts of people and—

LIZ. Do give us a rest!

MRS. D. Oh! (*Crosses down L.*) Elizabeth! How dare you!

LIZ. I don't go out to supper. Percy rushes the growler up to the room and we have our grub there.

MRS. D. Silence, you undutiful child! And you, sir—you—

JACK. (*Aside.*) Now I'll catch it!

MRS. D. How *dare* you refuse to let me live with you—your own wife's own mother—and to say my tongue was a threshing machine! Why did you hide away from me?

JACK. Well, you see, our family increased somewhat about that time.

LIZ. Percy!

MRS. D. You don't tell me! A grandmother?

JACK. You've hit it!

MRS. D. Boy or girl?

JACK. Both!

MRS. D. Oh, rapture! I forgive you both. Come to my arms.

JACK. We'll fly. (*All embrace.*)

MRS. D. This is a blessed day for me. This very morning I received from some unknown person every dollar of the money I lost a year ago.

JACK. You lost some money?

MRS. D. Yes; it was stolen by a wicked woman, but I have it all back again. And now if you'll go out with me I'll buy my little pootsy wootsy grandchildren whatever they want.

JACK. Get a barrel of paregoric as a starter.

MRS. D. Oh, come along, Lizzie! (*Starts up C.*)

LIZ. Coming, Percy?

JACK. No!

ENTER IKEY, *C. D.*, meeting MRS. DIBBLE, who sends him spinning down stage, then exits with LIZZIE, *C. D.*

IK. Shiminy! Vot a muscle! It vos magnificent—utterly magnificent!

JACK. (*Aside.*) There's that infernal Jew!

IK. Good evening, mine friend, how you vos, eh? (*Looks closely.*) So hellup me, if it isn't Jack Minton! My dear boy— (*Approaches.*)

JACK. Stop! What do you want?

IK. An overcoat, I t'ink, you freeze me up so. (*Shivers.*) O-oh! You vos an iceberg.

JACK. Yes, and you froze me out of my property. Who is this woman whose money I took, supposing it was Montford's?

IK. I don't know.

JACK. That's a lie!

IK. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Listen to dot, now.

JACK. I say, it's a lie, cooked up by you and the scoundrel you serve!

IK. You t'ink so? Supppose, now, you took a stroll down der stairs und find a man vaiting for you mit a varrant, eh?

JACK. (*Alarmed.*) What do you mean?

IK. I mean vot I say. They're looking for you, und ven I come to save you I'm called a liar for my trouble.

JACK. Is this true?

IK. On my vord, it is! Sh! Here (*writes on card*), take dis card, it vos de address uf my den, und you'll be safe.

JACK. Thanks, I'll try it! (*Starts up C.*)

IK. Not dot vay! You'll be nabbed. Come dis vay;

(*leads him to L. U. E.*) it vos a side entrance. (*Pauses.*) Vait; how you come to be here, eh?

JACK. I came to see about having my wife's portrait painted.

IK. It vos lucky I come or your portrait would be in der rogue's gallery.

JACK. Look here, Ikey, I'm no thief and you know it. If you dare say I am, damn you, I'll—

IK. Now, my dear boy! I know you didn't stole dot money, but Mr. Montford t'inks you did, und so does der old voman. Hurry along, now!

JACK. All right! (*Exit L. U. E.*)

IK. Poor devil! I vos sorry for him. (*Goes to C. D.*) It's all right, uf you please.

ENTER MONTFORD, C. D.

MONT. Have you got rid of him?

IK. Yesh! I send him to my place. He t'inks—ha, ha, ha!—he t'inks he vos going to be arrested.

MONT. I hoped he had disappeared forever, like his sister.

IK. Votever become uf her?

MONT. I don't know. I traced her to London and Paris, where she went with friends. The story of the accusation which you made against her—

IK. Und vich you made me make.

MONT. Very well—it followed her—as I took good care it should—and she disappeared—went to the bad, I hope. (*Goes to table and looks over photographs.*)

IK. She didn't come back to you?

MONT. (*Quickly.*) What do you mean?

IK. Me? Oh, nothing!

MONT. (*Looking at photograph.*) What's this? (*Reads.*) "To Harmon. Your loving wife, Bella." My ward, by all that's wonderful!

IK. Who vos it?

MONT. (*Not heeding him.*) The devil!

IK. (*Sees photograph.*) Eh, you calls dot pretty face der deyvil? She vos an angel!

MONT. What do you know of angels? You never saw one.

IK. Dot's true, but I hopes to sometime. (*Aside.*) Vich is more as you do.

MONT. Ikey, go to your den at once—get a cab—ride like the furies. The boy will be there. Tell him the officers are hot on his track, and that his only chance is to refund that thousand dollars. Probably he hasn't a hundred. Say that his sister is here, has plenty of money, and make him write her to bring him that sum at once and in secret.

IK. At vonce und in secret. Vot is your scheme, eh?

MONT. None of your business. Go at once.

IK. (*Goes up C.*) Yesh. Um—don't I like being ordered about. (*Exit, C. D.*)

MONT. So, she's married to Van Dorn, and he's jealous as Othello. I'll play trumps and win the game.

ENTER HARMON, *R. 1 E.*

HAR. Beg pardon for keeping you waiting—ah, Montford, good evening!

MONT. Good evening, Van Dorn. I looked you up, you see. You've a pretty place here—rather better than in the old Bohemian days.

HAR. It's passable.

MONT. Have you settled down in New York for good?

HAR. I expect to remain for some time.

MONT. No end of commissions, I suppose. Now, regarding the picture I spoke of—

HAR. It will be impossible.

MONT. Indeed? Then I'll place the order elsewhere (*at table, glances at BELLA'S photograph*), and I— (*Pauses, as if startled.*)

HAR. What's the matter?

MONT. A striking resemblance to a— (*Pauses.*)

HAR. To whom?

MONT. Oh (*carelessly*), to a person I once knew.

HAR. Who was she?

MONT. My dear fellow, you would be no wiser if I told you. The woman I refer to was one of those beautiful harpies that infest the locomotive society of Europe. She fastened to me, and when I tired of her—as I speedily did

—she created an unpleasant scene. It was a disagreeable episode, which I should like to forget.

HAR. And you say this is her portrait?

MONT. By no means. I say the resemblance is striking—so much so, indeed, that if I saw it in the possession of any but a stern Puritan like yourself, I would swear it was the same.

HAR. What was that woman's name?

MONT. Excuse me, if I decline to give it. There can be, I dare say, no connection between her and the original of this picture.

HAR. Thank you! Do you know who this is?

MONT. Certainly not.

HAR. It is my wife.

MONT. Really! Then I ask a thousand pardons for saying what I did. No doubt I was blind to think the resemblance so strong. And what if it were? We all have our doubles, and it is nothing wonderful that two lovely women should look alike.

HAR. Montford, you're hiding something!

MONT. Upon my word, I'm not. Here (*takes photograph from pocket*), by chance, I have a portrait of the woman I knew. (*Places it on table, takes hat and starts C.*) She gave it to me. Compare the two at your leisure, and you will see that the similarity is not so marked after all. (*HARMON eagerly compares the photographs.*) I'm playing trumps to-night, and I think I've won a trick! (*Exit, C. D.*)

HAR. (*Slowly.*) The faces are alike. And yet there must be some terrible mistake, for they must not, they cannot be the same. No, no, my darling, it needs more than this to make me doubt. This picture (*is about to tear it, but stops*)—there's writing on the back. (*Reads.*) "Yours always and forever, Bella." Her name, signed by her own hand! The scoundrel told the truth! (*Sinks into seat by table, bowing head on his arms.*)

ENTER BELLA, C. D.

BEL. Dinner is ready, Harmon! (*Comes to him.*) What is the matter? (*HARMON raises his head and looks at her intently.*) How strangely you act. How strangely you look. Aren't you well, Harmon?

HAR. No, Bella, I'm not well.

BEL. What is it?

HAR. Oliver Montford has been here.

BEL. (*Slowly.*) And did you believe what he said about me?

HAR. He did not even speak your name.

BEL. No?

HAR. No. Why should he?

BEL. (*Absently.*) Why? Why should he?

HAR. You repeat my words.

BEL. I was only thinking.

HAR. Bella, I promised I would ask nothing about your past life, and I have kept my word. But when a man speaks of you lightly, even by inference, I have a husband's right to ask if he tells the truth. Is this (*showing photograph received from MONTFORD*) your photograph?

BEL. Why, yes.

HAR. And is that your writing?

BEL. Certainly.

HAR. (*Rising.*) What, do you dare—

BEL. (*Quietly.*) Wait, Harmon. This photograph is mine and the writing is mine—inscribed to my brother.

HAR. Your brother?

BEL. I have never spoken of him, for a thoughtless act of his was the indirect cause of much trouble to me.

HAR. What was it?

BEL. I gave him my word that I would never tell.

HAR. Where is he now?

BEL. I don't know. I have repaid the—I mean he disappeared and I have heard nothing from him in more than a year.

HAR. And this photograph was given to him?

BEL. Yes.

HAR. What became of the others?

BEL. There were no others. Jack wanted a picture different from all others and he had the negative destroyed after that one was printed.

HAR. (*Takes her hands, looks at her intently. She meets his gaze fearlessly.*) I believe you, Bella (*goes R.*), and I hope for both our sakes I may never have cause to do otherwise. (*Exits R. 1 E.*)

BEL. (*Looking after him.*) Dear Harmon! I wonder if

it would not be better to end this suspense and tell him all. He could not blame me, and yet, to recall that terrible affair is almost maddening! If I only had a line, a word from my brother, to end this dreadful suspense.

ENTER HANNAH, C. D.

HANNAH. A man to see you, madam.

BEL. To see me? Who is he?

HAN. He wouldn't give his name.

BEL. Is—is he a gentleman?

HAN. Oh, no, ma'am! He's just an ordinary man.

BEL. Well, what does he want?

HAN. He has a letter for you.

BEL. Admit him. (HANNAH bows and exits C. D. BELLA crosses to table and sits. Pause.) Who can be sending me a letter? I wonder if the old dark days are returning!

ENTER HAWKINS, C. D., with letter.

HAWK. (After brief pause.) Beg pardon, madam!

BEL. (Turns quickly.) Hawkins!

HAWK. Here is your letter. (Gives letter, and starts up C.)

BEL. Wait! Is there an answer?

HAWK. I'm to wait outside for that.

BEL. Outside?

HAWK. That's the order. (Exit, C. D.)

BEL. (Opening envelope.) How strangely he acts. (Glances at letter in surprise.) From my brother! (Reads.) "Dear Sister: I am in great danger. Will be arrested and disgraced forever unless you help me. I must have a thousand dollars at once. Your husband is wealthy. Get the money from him, and bring it to me. But for your life don't let him know a thing about it, or I shall be ruined and you will be disgraced." Oh, brother, what have you done? No matter—I must save him. A thousand dollars. I haven't it, and if I ask Harmon I must tell him why. There's money in the desk—more than enough—and Harmon wouldn't mind if he knew. I'll tell him all about it to-morrow. (At desk; gets money.) There! (closes desk), now to go before he misses me. (Picks up hooded cape which lies on chair, L., but drops it as HANNAH enters R.)

HAN. Mr. Van Dorn wishes to know if you are ready.

BEL. No; tell him I'm not—not feeling well and that I am going to my room for an hour.

HAN. Yes, madam. (*Exits, R.*)

BEL. To tell a falsehood like that! It's shameful! (*Puts on cape.*) And if Harmon finds it out—but there, I must not stop to think. (*Starts up C.*)

ENTER HARMON, R.

HAR. Bella!

BEL. (*Surprised.*) Harmon!

HAR. I thought you were going to your room!

BEL. I—I have changed my mind.

HAR. Where are you going?

BEL. Out!

HAR. Out where?

BEL. I have a headache, dear, and I thought a little walk would do me good.

HAR. All right, Bella, I'll go with you!

BEL. Thank you, Harmon, but I'd rather go alone. (*Goes to table and picks up letter.*)

HAR. Alone, on the streets, at night?

BEL. I'm not afraid.

HAR. But I am. (*Up C.*)

BEL. I'll not be long. (*Starts up C.*)

HAR. (*Raises hand; she pauses.*) Where are you going?

BEL. Please don't ask me.

HAR. Stop this trifling! You've a letter there—whom is it from?

BEL. No, no, I cannot tell you now. Won't you trust me, Harmon?

HAR. Answer me!

BEL. I cannot.

HAR. Answer me, I tell you, or you'll not leave this house to-night!

BEL. Harmon, I swear to you—

HAR. Stop! Don't perjure yourself.

BEL. What!

HAR. (*Sternly.*) No honest woman, no loyal wife would go out at night to a secret meeting with—

BEL. Harmon Van Dorn, be careful what you say!

HAR. (*Hotly.*) And you be careful what you do!

BEL. (*Quietly.*) Will you let me go?

HAR. Tell me where, and I'll not stop you.

BEL. (*Quickly.*) You promise that?

HAR. I promise.

BEL. (*Passionately.*) Then if you must know, I am going to meet Oliver Montford.

HAR. (*Raising fist.*) You dare admit it?

BEL. Remember your promise!

HAR. (*Intensely and slow.*) Yes, I remember. You wretched woman, you are not worth the touch of an honest hand. Go, go, and never let me see your face again! (*Goes down L.; stands facing audience with clinched hands. BELLA goes to C. D., pauses in doorway, stretches out hands toward him, then turns and slowly exits, as curtain slowly descends.*)

SLOW CURTAIN.

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### ACT III.

SCENE.—*A rough, dark room in fourth grooves. Doors R. C., in flat, and L. & E. Window L. C., in flat, nailed up with boards. Rough pine table and stools, R. front. Cot up L., under window. Lights half down. Candles burning on table, with glass bottles for candlesticks. Shabby desk. L. 2. Discover JACK lying on cot as if asleep. Several men drinking and playing cards at table. IKEY sits at same table facing audience. Chorus at rise.*

FIRST MAN. I tell you, boys, here's the place!

SECOND MAN. Ikey's a bird, he is!

IK. Yesh, but I vosn't a songist. Now, suppose you give us a bit of a varble.

SEC. MAN. Sing! (*Song introduced.*)

IK. (*After song.*) Dot's right! I likes to see der boys enjoy life. Here's a place vere nobody comes to meddle, und ve don't give a tam for nobody. (*Loud knock, D. F. IKEY and men spring up in alarm.*) Great Israel! (*Knock repeated.*) Here, boys (*rushes them L.*), get under cover! No knowing who der devil vos coming. (*Men exit, quickly, L. & E.*) I vonder uf it vos der police. (*Loud knock.*)

Oh-h! Shiminy! (*Shivers.*) My name vos mud! (*Knock.*) I t'inks I'll told him I vasn't to home, uh? (*Long and loud knock.*) So hellup me, uf I gets off dis vonce I'll never do nothing some more. (*Opens door cautiously, then comes down "limp."*) It vos der devil himself!

ENTER MONTFORD, *quickly, D. F.*

MONT. (*Angrily.*) You gibbering fool! Why didn't you open the door?

IK. Did I know it vos you?

MONT. You should have known!

IK. Oh, vell, I vosn't so smart as some.

MONT. You impudent hound! (*Seizes IKEY, who is at his left, by the shoulders, bends him back over his right forearm, and slaps his face two or three times with left hand, then flings him left and crosses to right.*)

IK. (*Aside.*) Yesh, und a hound sometimes bites, und he bites ve-ry hard.

MONT. (*Quickly.*) What are you saying?

IK. So hellup me, I didn't say a vord.

MONT. Is the boy asleep?

IK. Vy not? After he wrote dot letter to his sister, I gave him somet'ing to keep him quiet—just as you told me to.

MONT. Good! You're a clever rascal, Ikey!

IK. Haven't I had a clever master, uh?

MONT. (*Seated, R.*) I dare say. Still, you're a past master at deviltry. Give me a cigar.

IK. Yesh. (*Gives cigar from pocket.*)

MONT. (*Smells cigar suspiciously.*) Is this the kind you smoke?

IK. It vos, for certain.

MONT. Bah! (*Flings it away.*) Have you no decent ones?

IK. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Und dose cigars cos two cents apiece! Vell (*at desk, gets box of cigars*), here vos some for your oxpensive taste.

MONT. (*Lights one.*) That's more like. Now, Ikey, pay attention!

IK. Yesh. (*Puts cigars in desk.*) I'm listening.

MONT. That young cub's letter will bring his sister here in a hurry. But she must not see him.

IK. Vy not?

MONT. None of your business.

IK. Oh!

MONT. You will tumble him into a cab, and take him to this address, North river (*gives card*), where you will find a boat waiting.

IK. Vot next?

MONT. Australia!

IK. Vot, me? Me go to Australia?

MONT. No, you idiot—the boy! The captain will tell him that his sister failed to come, and that nothing was left but flight.

IK. Magnificent—but you say she will come?

MONT. Certainly—and her jealous fool of a husband will kick her out for doing it.

IK. Und dot means—

MONT. That she will go straight to—

JACK. (*Rising.*) I think not. (*Comes down slowly.*)

IK. Shouting Israel! Der cub vos awake!

JACK. Yes, very much awake.

MONT. (*Carelessly, still seated R.*) Good evening, Jack!  
(JACK, C., turns toward MONTFORD.)

IK. Now, my dear boy—

JACK. I'll attend to you presently. Just now I've something to say to this cur.

IK. (*Aside.*) He'll get killed for dot, sure!

JACK. (*To MONTFORD.*) Plotting to ruin my sister, are you? To destroy her home—to wreck her life. The elegant Mr. Montford! What a fine gentleman you are, indeed!

MONT. Sarcasm doesn't become you at all, my dear fellow. When you become impertinent you don't look at all nice.

JACK. And you won't look at all nice when I am through with you!

IK. (*Aside.*) Great Baxter street! He's got nerve!

MONT. Don't excite yourself, especially about your sister. Just at present your own affairs require attention.

JACK. I'll look after myself, you scoundrel! (*Goes down R.*)

MONT. (*Aside, to IKEY.*) Lock the door.

IK. Yesh. (*Goes up, pauses, raises finger warningly to JACK, who has turned, then locks door.*)

JACK. What does this mean?

MONT. What is it, my dear boy?

JACK. You've locked me in here!

IK. (*Up R., aside, disgusted.*) He never caught on!

JACK. Do you intend keeping me a prisoner here?

MONT. Better here than wearing the stripes at Sing Sing.

JACK. What!

MONT. For there's where you'll find yourself unless I take care of you. Now, my boy, in spite of your foolish abuse, I feel kindly toward you, and won't see you ruined. Therefore, you better accept the passage to Australia.

JACK. But my wife—

MONT. Your wife? Are you married?

JACK. Yes.

IK. (*Aside.*) Um-m! Vot a tam fool!

MONT. That's unlucky. Well, you can't take her with you.

JACK. Why not?

MONT. In the first place, I doubt that she would go. In the second place, you can't run the risk of being nabbed for a woman.

JACK. Can she join me there?

MONT. No, you poor fool! Can't you understand that you must keep out of sight? A woman tagging after you—even if she were idiotic enough to go—would give the officers the very clew they want. You must disappear, I tell you, and that's all there is of it! (*Rises.*) Go with Ikey now, and thank your lucky stars that I've helped you! (*Turns to IKEY.*) You know the way,

IK. Yesh. (*Goes up and unlocks the door.*)

JACK. Wait a minute.

IK. Vell?

MONT. What's the matter now?

JACK. There's one little hitch in this affair.

MONT. I see—you want money. I had quite forgotten that little item. At the same time, I came prepared. (*Takes chamois bag from pocket.*) Here are (*counts money*) two hundred and fifty dollars—which will support you for a reasonable time. (*Gives money.*) Now go; you have no time to waste.

JACK. (*Glancing at money.*) A small price for a big deal. (*With rising anger.*) You think to get rid of me—to rob my sister and me of our property—to send her to perdition—all for two hundred and fifty dollars! (*Eyes him for a moment.*) You are childish, Mr. Montford, when you bid so low.

MONT. Is that all you have to say?

JACK. No! (*Flings money at MONTFORD's feet.*) There's your blood money; keep it. I have sunk pretty low in the world, but there is enough man in me yet to defy you, to save my sister and to give you a thrashing you'll never forget. (*Crosses.*)

IK. (*Half aside.*) Shiminy gracious! Hear dot!

MONT. (*Slowly, as if amused.*) The chicken is learning to crow!

JACK. And I'll do more than crow. (*Starts up.*)

MONT. Stop! (*JACK pauses.*) Where are you going?

JACK. I'm going to meet my sister.

MONT. You'll never do it.

JACK. Why not?

MONT. Because there are officers at the door. Try to leave without my permission and you'll find yourself in limbo.

JACK. Oh, you cunning scoundrel!

MONT. Thank you! Now, for the last time, which is it—Australia or a prison?

JACK. Neither one! (*Springs at MONTFORD, seizes him by the throat. A quick, sharp struggle. JACK forces MONTFORD over table and strikes him. MONTFORD wrenches loose, retreats up stage, and, exclaiming, "Now, Curse You!" draws knife and rushes at JACK, who is down R. Old IKEY springs between them, clutching MONTFORD.*)

IK. (*Hurriedly.*) No, no, no! Vait, vait, I tole you!

MONT. (*Impatiently.*) Well, what is it?

IK. Don't cut him. It vos so very disagreeable. Blow his brains out. Dot von't make such a muss. Und, besides, vot's der use of spoiling his clothes?

MONT. Be quick, then.

JACK. You cowards! Give me a chance!

IK. Dot's only fair. Vait a minute. (*Runs to desk and produces two pistols.*)

MONT. What are you doing?

IK. I t'inks you don't vos murder der boy in some cold blood. (MONTFORD *takes a step toward him.*) Look out! (*Raises pistols.*) They might go off. Here (*gives JACK pistol*), take it. (*Aside.*) Shoot quick, und I hopes you blow his tam head off!

MONT. Well! Any time to-night.

IK. Yesh. (*Gives pistol.*) It's loaded. (*Aside.*) Don't hurry. He couldn't hit der side uf a house.

MONT. (*To JACK.*) Are you ready?

JACK. Yes.

IK. Vait! It is almost twelve o'clock. Suppose you fire at der stroke uf midnight. (*Bell strikes. At each stroke old IKEY counts aloud—"one, two, three," etc. As he announces "ten" MONTFORD fires quickly at JACK, who reels, staggers and falls C.*)

IK. Oh! Dot's nothing but murder.

BEL. (*Outside.*) Jack! Brother! Are you there?

MONT. Cover him up. (*Starts for door.*)

ENTER BELLA, *quickly, D. F.* She pauses just within the door and looks at MONTFORD for a moment.

BEL. (*Intensely.*) Where is my brother?

MONT. Bella!

BEL. (*Louder.*) Where is my brother? (*Looks around, sees JACK, screams and rushes down, kneeling beside him.*) Jack! Brother! I've brought you the money! Brother! Dead! Dead! Dead! (*Pause.*) Who has done this?

MONT. I regret to say that your brother has committed suicide.

BEL. (*Rising.*) You lie, Oliver Montford! You have killed my brother. And as sure as there is a just God, I'll bring that murder home to your guilty soul!

CURTAIN.

L., IKEY.

JACK, BELLA.

MONTFORD, R.

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Parlor in fourth grooves. Curtained doorways, C., in flat, R. 1 E. and L. U. E.*

ENTER MRS. DIBBLE *and* LIZZIE, *D.*

MRS. D. I declare, I never was so worried in all my life. Pretty goings on, I must say, with your precious husband out all night, and not home yet, and it's after nine o'clock in the morning. Just wait till I see him! If I don't say—

LIZ. You just let up on Percy! If you say another word about him or dare to grumble at him, I'll give you the frozen mitt.

MRS. D. The frozen mitt! What's that?

LIZ. The dead shake, that's what! No living woman could have a better husband than I have!

MRS. D. I'm glad you think so.

LIZ. I don't care whether you're glad or not! He suits me, and your opinion don't cut any ice! See?

MRS. D. There's a dutiful daughter for you.

LIZ. Well! A woman with a good husband, who won't stick up for him, is a fool.

MRS. D. What a very dutiful wife we have become.

LIZ. Mommer! (*Shakes finger.*) One more brilliant remark of that sort, and we part company for good! And that's on the level—understand?

MRS. D. (*Begins to cry.*) And to think that my own daughter would turn against me in my old age like this. (*Sobs.*)

LIZ. The handkerchief and weep business don't go. So you might as well cut it out. If you want to stay on the *in* with Percy and me, you must mind your own business and never interfere with ours. The mother-in-law deal is a dead frost in this family.

MRS. D. (*Straightens up.*) Well! Such terrible slang talk I never heard in all my born days!

LIZ. Cut that! Is it a go?

MRS. D. I guess so. Anyhow (*draws long sigh*)—I'll forgive you.

LIZ. You've missed your cue again. I'm no prodigal

daughter to be forgiven anything. I'm a twentieth century woman, strictly up to date, and I propose to run my own affairs. (*Crosses.*)

ENTER HARMON, *L. U. E.*

HAR. Good morning, ladies!

LIZ. Oh, Mr. Van Dorn, have you seen anything of my Percy?

HAR. Not since yesterday. I left him here, and I haven't seen him since.

LIZ. He didn't come home last night, and I'm worried half to death.

HAR. I'm sorry for that. Can I be of any service?

MRS. D. We thought you might suggest something.

HAR. You better telephone the facts to police headquarters. Possibly he has met with an accident.

LIZ. Thank you, ever so much! I'll do so at once. Good morning. Come along. (*Grabs MRS. D.'s arm and rushes her up C.*)

MRS. D. (*As they start.*) Lizzie, this is no foot race! Don't hurry so! Dear! Dear! Dear! (*Exits, with LIZZIE, C.*)

HAR. (*Pauses, then crosses slowly and sits at table, L.*) Gone! Gone to meet Montford. I wish I had strangled the fellow when he was here yesterday. But no; bad as he is, she is even worse; so why should I rail at him? Let them go! *Let them go!* But I pray Heaven I may never meet either of them again.

ENTER HANNAH, *C.*

HAN. A gentleman to see you, sir!

HAR. Who is he?

HAN. The actor-man who was here yesterday.

HAR. Very well. (*HANNAH exits, C.*) I can do no more work. I shall close my studio and leave, for life here would be unendurable.

ENTER JACK, *C.* *Pauses and steadies himself with chair near entrance.*

HAR. (*Rising.*) Why, what is the matter?

JACK. I—I have been injured.

HAR. (*Helping him into chair beside table.*) In what way? Have you met with an accident?

JACK. No—it was no accident.

HAR. What then?

JACK. Have you seen my sister this morning?

HAR. Your sister?

JACK. She came to see me in secret last night—brought money to save me from disgrace, as she thought. It was a put up job to blacken her character, and in trying to save her I received this. (*Points to head.*)

HAR. (*Slowly.*) Who is your sister?

JACK. My sister (*pause*)—is your wife!

HAR. My wife? Then it was you—

JACK. I took some money which I thought belonged to my guardian. She was accused by that devil of stealing it—because she refused to marry him.

HAR. Oliver Montford?

JACK. Oliver Montford.

HAR. The shameless scoundrel! And he has dared—

JACK. He dare do anything.

HAR. My poor Bella! If she were only here!

ENTER BELLA, *quickly*, C.

BEL. And here I am, Harmon! (*Runs to him.*)

HAR. (*Embraces her.*) Bella!

BEL. I told you a falsehood, Harmon. It was Jack I went to see. When I got there he had been shot—killed I thought by Oliver Montford.

JACK. My head was too hard. I was knocked silly, but it turned the bullet.

ENTER MRS. DIBBLE *and* LIZZIE, C.

MRS. D. What's that I hear? (*Raises hands.*) Oh, dear! Shot full of holes, and me with only a piece of a son-in-law left!

LIZ. Don't you ever dare do that again.

JACK. I won't! Oliver Montford will not have another chance to murder me.

ENTER MONTFORD, *on JACK's speech*, C. D.

MONT. My dear boy, you shouldn't speak of murder in

that free and easy manner. (JACK *attempts to rise but is restrained by* LIZZIE.)

HAR. (*Intensely.*) Montford, you and I have an account to settle. If ladies were not present—

MONT. (*With cool impudence.*) Ladies? My former house-keeper, a variety hall singer and a thief—

HAR. (*Has been quietly walking toward him as he begins speech. Reaches him as he says "thief" and knocks him down.*)

MONT. (*Rises and retreats backward toward C. D.*) I might kill you for that, but I would rather watch your face when your criminal wife is placed on trial.

HAR. (*Would rush at MONTFORD, but is restrained by* BELLA.)

JACK. You snarling cur! I took that money!

ENTER IKEY, *quickly, C. D.*

IK. Und I'll swore to dot.

MRS. D. And the money was all repaid.

IK. Und der copper is in der hall mit a pair of handcuffs. (MONTFORD *turns on him.*) Und I (*aims pistol*) have borrowed his gun! March! (*Follows MONTFORD out C.*)

MRS. D. (*Going down L.*) Well! He's got his quietum!

BEL. Free from him at last, Harmon—free forever from the power of his Iron Hand.

CURTAIN.

L., MRS. D., HARMON. BELLA. JACK. LIZZIE, R.

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Jumbo Jum, 30 min.....	4	3
Mischievous Nigger (The), 20 min.....	4	2
No Cure, No Pay, 10 min.....	3	1
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The School Ma'am,	-	4, 1 h. 45 m.	6-5
Only Daughter,	-	3, 1 h. 15 m.	5-2
Louva, the Pauper,	-	5, 2 hrs.	9-4
Under the Laurels,	-	5, 2 hrs.	5-4
Danger Signal,	-	2, 1 h. 45 m.	7-4
Our Country, Historical Play,	-	3, 1 h.	10-5
Topp's Twins,	-	4, 2 hrs.	6-4
It's all in Pay Streak,	3,	1 h. 40 m.	4-3
The New Woman,	-	3, 1 h.	3-6

### FARCES.

	ACTS.	TIME.	M. F.
Initiating a Granger,	-	25 m.	8-
Wanted, a Correspondent,	2,	45 m.	4-4
A Family Strike,	-	20 m.	3-3
Two Ghosts in White,	-	20 m.	-8
The Assessor,	-	10 m.	3-2
Borrowing Trouble,	-	20 m.	3-5
Country Justice,	-	20 m.	8-
The Pull-Back,	-	20 m.	-6
Hans von Smash,	-	2, 30 m.	4-3
Irish Linen Peddler,	-	2, 40 m.	3-3
Kansas Immigrants,	-	20 m.	5-1
Too Much of Good Thing,	-	45 m.	3-6
Is the Editor In?	-	20 m.	4-2
Pets of Society,	-	20 m.	-7
Wide Enough for Two,	-	45 m.	5-2
Patsy O'Wang,	-	35 m.	4-3
Rejected,	-	40 m.	5-3
A First-Class Hotel,	-	20 m.	4-
Mad. Princeton's Temple of Beauty,	-	20 m.	-6
Dude in Cyclone,	-	20 m.	5-3
The Cobbler,	-	10 m.	1-

### TEMPERANCE.

The Sparkling Cup,	-	5, 2 hrs.	12-4
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